RELIGION

OF THE HYPOCRITICAL PRESBYTERIANS in Meeter.

Juvenal. Sat. 1.
Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Juvenal. Sat. 14.
——— Velocius & citius nos ———
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cum subeant animos autoribus.

London Printed in the Year 1661.

REFUTATION

OF THE

HYPOCRITICAL

PRESBYTERIANS

The Religion of the Hypocritical Presbyterians.

TEdious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
That *Cisly* durst not milk the gentle Mulls,
To the great damage of my Lord Mayors Fooles,
Which made the greazie Catchpoles swear and curse
The Holy-day for want o'th' second course;
And men have lost their body's new adorning (ing.
Because their cloathes could not come home that morn-
The sins of Parlament have long been bawl'd at,
The vices of the City have been yawl'd at,
Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.
Why if you ask the people, very proudly
They answer straight, That they are very godly.
Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ:*
And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
That at that time it seem'd a good pretence:
Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I must know,
So putting on clean cuffs, to Church I go.
Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the People.
First came poor Matrons stuck with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly come to worship their white loaves;
And may be smelt above a German mile,
Well, let them go to fume the Middle-Ile.
But here's the sight that doth men good to see't,
Grave Burghers, with their Posies, sweet, sweet, sweet,
With their fat Wives. Then comes old *Robin* too,
Who although write or read he neither do,
Yet hath his Testament chain'd to his wast,
And his blind zeal feels out the proofs as fast,

And makes as greaſie Dogs-ears as the beſt.
A new-ſhav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapt,
With his young *Cake-bread* in his cloak cloſe wrapt;
Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
O'th' Town, to hear Our Father and ſee a friend;
Then came the ſhops young fore-man, 'tis preſum'd,
With hair roſe-water'd, and his gloves perfum'd,
With his blew ſhoo-ſtrings too, and beſides that,
A riband with a ſentence in his hat:
The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypſie,
Spectatum veniunt, venient ſpectentur ut ipſæ.
And now the ſilk'n Dames throng in, good ſtore,
And caſting up their noſes, to th' pew dore
They come, croud in, for though the pew be full
They muſt and will have room, I, that they wull;
Streight that ſhe ſits not uppermoſt diſtaſt
One takes; 'Tis fine that I muſt be diſplac't
By you, ſhe cries then, Good Miſtris Gill Flurt;
Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ye dirt-
tie piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief,
I ſcorn your terms, good Miſtris Thimble-mans wife.
Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
Surely your Husband's but a Scavenger,
Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray?
No Aldermans wife for all you are ſo gay.
Is it not you that to all Chriſtenings friſk it?
And to ſave bread, moſt ſhamefully ſteal the bisket,
At which the other mad beyond all law,
Unſheaths her talons, and prepares to claw.
And ſure ſome gorgets had been torn that day,
But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view,
The cloak-bag-breeches, and the ſleek-ſtone ſhoe,
The Gallimafry cloak that looks like nonſence,
Now wide, now narrow, like his Maſter's conſcience:
The grogram-gown of ſuch antiquity,
That *Speed* could never find its pedigree;

Fit

Fit to be doted on by Antiquary's,
Who hence may deſcant in their old Gloſſary's,
What kinde of fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How wings in faſhion came, becauſe wings bore
The Swan-transformed *Leda* to *Jove*'s lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the ſame good hap;
The pent-houſe bever, and calves-chaudron ruff,
But of this frantick faſhion now enough,
For now there ſhall no more of them be ſaid,
Leſt this my ware-houſe ſpoil the French-men's trade,
And now as if I were that woollen-ſpinſter,
That doth ſo gravely ſhow you *Sarum* Minſter,
Ile lead you round the Church from pew to pew,
And ſhew you what doth moſt deſerve your view,
There ſtood the Font, in times of Chriſtianity,
But now 'tis tak'n down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-Wardens ſit, hard by the dore,
But know ye why they ſit among the Poor?
Becauſe they love um well for love o'th' box,
Their money buys good beef, good wine, good ſmocks.
There ſits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good flock-Feeder,
Who in three lamentable dolefull dity's
Unto their marriage-fees ſing *Nunc dimittis*.
Here ſits a learned Juſtice, truly ſo
Some people ſay, and ſome again ſay no,
And yet methinks in this he ſeemeth wiſe
To make *Stypone* yeild him an exciſe,
And though on Sundayes Ale-houſes muſt down,
Yet wiſely all the week lets them alone,
For well his Worſhip knows that Ale-houſe ſins
Maintain himſelf in gloves, his wife in pins.
There ſits the Mayor as fat as any Bacon
With eating Cuſtard, Beef, and rumps of Capon;
And there his corpulent Brethren ſit by,
With faces repreſenting gravity,
Who having money, though they have no wit,
They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews ſit.

Ingredients that compound a Congegation.

There sit True-blew the honest Parish-masters.
With Sattin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-casters,
And faith that's all; for they have no rich fansies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There sits a Lady fine, painted by Art,
And there sits curious Mistris Fiddle-cum-fart:
There sits a Chamber-maid upon a Hassock,
Whom th' Chaplain oft instructs without his Cassock:
One more accustom'd unto Curtain-sins,
Than to her thimble, or to handle pins.
O what a glosse her forehead smooth adorns!
Excelling *Phœbe* with her silver horns:
It tempts a man at first, yet strange to utter,
When one comes near, fogh gudds, it stinks of butter.
Another tripping comes to her Mistris's Pew,
Where being arriv'd, she tryes if she can view
Her young mans face, and straight heaves up her coats,
That her sweet-heart may see her true-love knots.
But having sate up late the night before
To let the young man in at the back-dore,
She feeleth drowzinesse upon her creeping,
Turns down one proof, and then she falls a sleeping.
Then fell her head one way, her book another,
And surely she did dream by what we gather;
Maids beware of sleeping at Church. For long she had not slept, when a rude flea
Upon her groyn sharply began to prey;
Straight she (twixt sleep and waking) in great ire,
As if sh'ad sitting been by th' Kitchin fire,
Pulls up her coats with both hands, smock and all,
And with both hands to scratch and scrub doth fall.
Truly the Priest, though some did, saw her not,
For he was praying, and his eyes were shut.
Alas had he seen as much as a by-stander, (der.
Much more from's Text it would have made him wan-

That's call'd the Gallery, which (as you may see)
Was trimm'd and guilt in the year Fifty three.
Twas a zealous work, & done by two Church-wardens,
Who

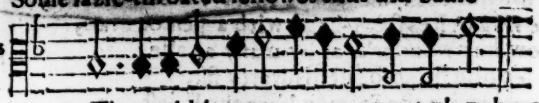
Who for miſ-reckoning hope to have their pardons,
There *Will* writes ſhort-hand with a pen of braſs,
Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an aſſe Hang it.
That ſee him ſhake ſo faſt his warty fiſt,
As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Prieſt
Has ſpoke it; Then, O that I could (ſaies one)
Do but as this man does, I'de give a crown.
Up goes another hand, up goe his eyes,
And he, Gifts, Induſtry, and talents cries.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work,
And now a bellowing noiſe went round the Kirk,
From the low Font, up to the Golden Creed.
(O happy they who now no eares do need!)
While theſe coughtup their morning flegm, and thoſe
Do trumpet forth the ſnivel of their noſe;
Straight then the Clerk began with potſheard voice
To grope a tune, ſinging with wofull noiſe,
Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternholds wretched Prick ſong to the people:
Who ſoon as he hath plac'd the firſt line through,
Up ſteps *Chuck-farthing* then, and he reads too:
This is the womans boy that ſits i'th' Porch
Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her ſtool to Church.
Then out the people yaule an hundred parts,
Some roar, ſome whine, ſome creak like wheels of Carts,
Such Notes that *Gamut* never yet did know,
Nor numerous keys of Harpſicalls in a row
Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend,
Now below double *Are* ſome deſcend,
'Bove *Ela* ſqualing now ten notes ſome flie;
Straight then as if they knew they were to high,
With head-long haſte down ſtaires again they tumble;
Diſcords and Concords O how thick they jumble!
Like untam'd horſes tearing with their throats
One wretched ſtave into an hundred notes.

Some,

Some lazie-throated fellowes thus did baule

Robert Wisdom's delight.



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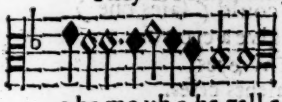
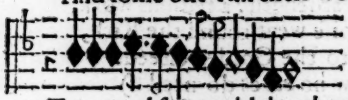


a ha me uh a ha gall a.

And ſome out-run their words and thus they ſay,



Too cruel for to think a hum a haw,

Now what a whetſtone was it to devotion
To ſee the pace, the looks, and every motion
O'th Sunday Levite when up ſtairs he march't,
And firſt beheld his little band ſtiff ſtarcht,
Two caps he had, and turns up that within,
You'd think he wore a black pot tipt with tin,
His cuffs aſham'd peept only out at's wriſt,
For they ſaw whiter gloves upon his fiſt,
Out comes his kerchief then, which he unfolds
As gravely as his Text, and faſt he holds
In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
How he rear'd his reverend whites, and ſoftly ſaid
A long *moſt Murcifull*, or *O Al* ——
Then out he whines the reſt like a ſad ditty,
In a moſt dolefull *recitative ſtyle*,
His buttocks keeping Crotchet time the while;
And as he ſlubbers ore his tedious ſtory
Makes it his chiefeſt aim his chiefeſt glory,
T' excell the City Dames in ſpeaking fine,
O for the drippings of an old Sir loyn,
Inſtead of *Aron*'s oyntment for his face,
When he cries out for *greace* inſtead of *grace*:
Up ſtept another then, how fowre his face is!
How grim he lookt, for he was one oth' *Claſſis*,

And

And here he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, deſtroy, O Lord!*
The Covenant-breaker, with a two edg'd ſword.
Now comes another, of another ſtrain,
And he of Law and Bondage doth complain:
Then ſhewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace*, he cry'd.
Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
Who as duty binds him, cauſe he eats their pyes,
God bleſſe my good Lord and my Lady, cryes,
And's hopefull Iſſue. Then with count'nance ſad,
Up ſteps a man ſtark revelation mad,
And he, *Cauſe us thy Saints, for thy dear ſake,*
That we a buſtle in the world may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
He tears his throat for the *firſt Monarchy.*
Another mounts his chin, Eaſt, Weſt, North, South,
Gaping to catch a bleſſing in his mouth,
And ſaying, *Lord! we dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.
Mean while the vulgar frie ſit ſtill, admiring — Practice of Piety.
Their pious ſentences, as all inſpiring;
At every period they ſigh and grone,
Though he ſpeak ſometimes ſenſe, and ſometimes none:
Their zeal doth never let them mind that matter,
It is enough to hear the Magpy chatter;
They croud, they thruſt, are crouded, and are thruſted,
Their pews ſeem paſties, wherein they incruſted,
Together bake and fry; O patience great!
Yet they endure, though almoſt drown'd in ſweat,
Whoſe ſteaming vapours prove moſt ſingular
To ſtew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
Them, leſt they ſhould breed ſome ugly diſeaſe
Being tak'n raw in queaſie conſciences.
But further mark their great humility,
Their tender love and mutual charity,
The ſhort man's ſhoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
Nor he ſo much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,

Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
Although his neighbour trod upon his corn;
And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble;
He honeſt man went with his neck a skew,
Gingling his bunch of keys from pew to pew;
Good man to's Market-day he bore no ſpleen,
But wiſh'd the ſeven dayes had Sabbaths been;
How he worſhips ſattin, with what a Goſpel-fear
He admires the man that doth a bever wear,
Room, room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
With a *Pater noſter* face receives the ſhilling.
But what was more religious then to ſee
The women in their ſtrains of piety,
Who like the Seraphins in various hews
Adorn'd the Chancell and the higheſt pews.
But now good middle-Ile-folks all give room,
Hey-day! See where the Mothers and the Daughters come!
Behind the Servants looking all like Martyrs,
With Bibles in pluſh jerkins and blew garters,
The ſilver inkhorn and the writing book,
In which I wiſh no friend of mine to look.
Now muſt we not forget the Children too,
Who with their fore-tops gay ſtand up ith pew,
Alas-a-day! for there is great contention,
To tie this lock who hath the beſt invention.
Well, be good children, for the time ſhall come,
When on the Pulpit-ſtairs ye ſhall have room,
There to be asked many a Queſtion deep,
By th' Parſon, with his dinner, half a ſleep.
But now aloft the preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they ſit trembling under,
Jack-a-dandy. And if he name *Gehenna* or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate, how little wit
The fooliſh Virgins had, then do they fit
Weeping with watry-eyes, and making vows
One to have Preachers alwaies in her houſe,

To

To dine them well, and breakfast um with gelly's
And caudles hot to warm their wambling belly's,
And if the cash where she could not unlock it
Were close secur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket:
Another something a more thrifty sinner
To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner;
The other vowes a purple Pulpit-cloth
With an embroyder'd Cushion, being loth
When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles:
Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng,
And on the window-barres in swarms they hung:
Nay, I could see that many Short-hand wrote,
Where listning well, I could not hear a jote;
Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your ears are yet unsanctify'd.
But Sermon's done, and evening now approaches,
The people walk, for none dare go in coaches;
And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances, To be heard of men.
Is all their chat, seem in heav'nly trances;
Thus they trim up their souls with holy words,
Shaving off sin as men shave off their beards,
To grow the faster; sins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.
Now they're at home, and have their suppers eat,
When *Thomas*, cries the Master, come repeat;
And if the windows gaze upon the street,
To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet.
But would you know what a prepositerous zeal
They sing their Hymnes withall? then listen well,
The Boy begins, Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, To the Tune
Hum, hum, hum, hum, *Thomas* hum, hum, (hum, of S. *Margarets*
Did you enter down the ten yards of water'd-tabby to Chimes.
the Lady in *Covent-garden?* (hum,
Hum, hum, Yes Sir, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
hum, hum. ——
Pray remember to receive the hundred pound in *Gracious-street* to morrow. ——

Hum hum hum.
Hum hum hum hum *Mary*, hum hum hum hum,
Anon forſooth.
Pray remember to riſe betimes to morrow morning,
you know you have a great many cloathes to ſope,
hum, hum hum, hum, &c.
Behold the zeal of the people.
But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
To thee oh Covenant Wedneſday full of ſorrow,
Alas! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes and gone to *Alderman-bury*,
Truly 'twas a ſad day, for every ſinner
Did feaſt a ſupper then, and not a dinner;
Nor men nor women waſh their face to day,
Put on their cloathes, and piſſe, and ſo away;
They throng to Church juſt as they ſell their ware,
In greaſie hats, and old gowns worn thread bare,
Where, though th'whole body ſuffered tedious pain,
No member yet had more cauſe to complain
Than the poor noſe, when little to its eaſe,
A Chandlers cloak perfum'd with candle-greaſe,
Commixing ſents with a Sope-boylers breeches,
Did raiſe a ſtink beyond the skill of Witches.
Now ſteams of Garlick through the noſtrils paſſage
Made thorough-fairs, hell take their bold embaſſage,
With theſe *mundungus* and a breath that ſmells
Like ſtanding-pools in ſubterraneal cells.
Compos'd Pomanders to out-ſtink the Devil,
Yet ſtrange to tell, they ſufferd all this evil,
Nor to make water all the while would riſe,
The women ſure had ſpunges 'twixt their thighs:
To ſtir at this good time they thought was ſin,
So ſtrictly their devotion kept them in.
Now the Prieſt's elbows do the cuſhion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read,
Beloved, I ſhall here crave leave to ſpeak
A word, he cries and winks, unto the weak,
The words are theſe, *Make haſte and do not tarry,*
But unto Babylon *thy dinner carry*,

There

There doth young Daniel *want in the Den,*
Thrown among Lyons by hard-harted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by th' crown.
Not to explain this pretious Text amiſs,
Daniel's the *ſubject*, *Hunger* th' *object* is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was ſubject to hunger,
But that I mayn't detain you any longer,
My Brethren all prick up your ears, and put on
Your ſenſes all while I the words unbutton.
Make haſte, I ſay, *make haſte and do not tarry*,] *The Expoſition.*
Why? my Beloved, theſe words great force do carry.
Au! 'tis a waundrous emphatical ſpeech,
Some men Beloved, as if th' had lead i' their breech,
Do walk, and ſome (as ſnails) do creep as faſt:
Truly, my Brethren, theſe men do not make haſte.
But be ye quick, dear Siſters, be ye quick, *1 Uſe.*
And leſt ye fail, take hope, hope's like a ſtick. *Not like an anchor.*

To Babylon] Ah *Babylon!* that word's a weighty one,
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one.
Which as the learned *Rider* well records,
Semiramis did build with brick and bords. *Babel* battered.
Wicked *Semiramis*, Oh how I ſtretch!
My ſpirit is mightily provok'd againſt that wretch.
Luſtfull *Semiramis*, for will I wiſt
Thou wert the mother of proud Antichriſt.
Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
The Pope and thee were Siſters in iniquity.
Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,
For ſhe built *Babylon*, Ah! ſhe built *Babylon*.

But, Brethren, be ye good as ſhe was evil, *2 Uſe.*
Muſt ye needs go becauſe ſhe's gone to the Devil?
Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
A childe of God in great affliction:
Why what does he aile? Alas! he wanteth meat,
Now what (Beloved) was ſent him for to eat?

Truly a ſmall matter; one a diſh of pottage,
But pray what pottage? Such as a ſmall cottage
Afforded only to the Country ſwains,
From whence, though not a man the place explains,
'Tis gueſs'd that neither Chriſtmas pottage 'twas,
Nor white-broth, nor capon-broth, good for ſick maws,
Nor milk-porrage, or thick peaſe-porrage either,
Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal-broth neither,
But ſure ſome homely ſtuff crum'd with brown-bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
Truly, this was but homely fare you'll ſay,
Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day: (per,
Would he have been ſo content? And though there could be thought on nothing chea-
Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper.

3 *Uſe.* Better eat any thing than not at all,
Faſting, Beloved, why? 'tis prejudiciall
To the weak Saints, Beloved 'tis a ſin,
Several Reaſons. And thus to prove the ſame I will begin:
Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger mauls,
Au! 'tis a great mauler, it breaks ſtone-walls,
Now my Beloved, to break ſtone-walls you know,
Why 'tis flat felony, and there's great woe
Follows that ſin, beſides 'tis a great ſchiſm,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judiſm,
Judiſm? why Beloved, have you ere been
Where the black Dog of *Newgate* you have ſeen?
Deſcription of Antichriſt. Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichriſt,
He doth and hath ye Brethren long entic't.
Claws like a Star-chamber Biſhop, black as hell,
And doubtleſſe he was one of thoſe that fell.
Judiſm I ſay is uglier than this dog:
Truly *&* *cætera*'s not ſo foul a hog.
Thrown among Lyons by hard-harted men,
Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *World*'s the Den.
By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
Thoſe worſe than heatheniſh abominations:
Truly dear friends, theſe Kings and Governours,
Theſe Biſhops too, nay all ſuperiour powers,

Why

Why they are Lyons, Locusts, Whales, I Whales, beloved,
Off goes our ears if once their wrath be moved;
But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so saies
My book must reign three daies, and three half daies,
Why that is three years and a half beloved.
Or else as many precious men have proved
One thousand two hundred and threescore daies,
Why now the time's almost expir'd, time staies
For no man; friends then Antichrist shall fall,
Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
With Cardinals, and the King of *Spain*'s great power; And hey then up go we,
They'l muster up, but I can tell you where,
At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there,
Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, alow, alow,
Kill *Amaleck*, and Turk, kill *Gog* and *Magog* too.
But who dear friends fed *Daniel* thus forsak'n,
Truly (but there's one sleeps, a would do well to a- ☞
As 'tis in th' English his name ends in Ock, wak'n.)
And so his name is called *Habacuck*.

But in th' original it ends in Ock The Doctrine of Generation.
For that dear sisters calls him have-a-Cock.
And truly I suppose I need not fear
But that there are many have-a-Cocks here:
The Laud increase the number of have-a-Cocks,
Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks;
But as a farding candle shut up quite
In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light;
Even such are they. Ay but my brethren dear For Ministers may be Cuckholds.
I am no such Lanthorn, for my horns are clear.
But I shall now conclude this glorious truth
With an exhortation to old men and youth:
Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say, *Use of Exhortation.*
Feed all your Ministers that preach and pray.
First, of all cause 'tis good, I speak that know so, *Motives* 1.
Fourthly, cause 'tis no evil for to do so. 4.

Thirdly,

3. Thirdly, becauſe 'tis very good, and twelfthly,
12. Cauſe there's nought better, unleſſe I my ſelf lye.
But now he ſmells the pyes begin to reak,
Hungers great enemy to Goſpel duty. His teeth water, and he can no longer ſpeak:
And now it will not be amiſſe to tell ye
How he was troubled with a woman's belly;
A Crop-ſick ſiſter. For ſhe was full of caudle and devotion,
Which in her ſtomach raiſed a commotion,
For the hot vapours much did damnifie,
The woman went to walk in Finsbury.
So though a while ſhe was ſuſtain'd with ginger,
Yet at the length a cruel pain did twinge her;
And like as marble ſweats before a ſhower,
So did ſhe ſweat, and ſweating forth did pour
Her mornings draught of Sugar ſops and Saffron,
Into her ſighing neighbours cambrick apron.
At which a Lard ſhe cry'd full ſad to ſee
The foul miſhap, yet ſuffer'd patiently:
How do you then ſhe cry'd? I'me glad 'tis up:
Ah ſick, ſick, ſick; cryes one, oh for a cup
Of my mint water that's at home.
As patt as might be, then the Parſon cry'd,
'Tis good; one holds her head, let't come let't come.
Still crying; juſt i'th' nick, the Prieſt reply'd,
Yea like a ſtream ye ought to let it flow,
And then ſhe reach'd, and once more let it go.
Streight an old woman with a brace of chins,
A bunch of keys, and cuſhion for her pins,
Seeing in earneſt the good woman lack it,
A very great Creature-comfort. Draws a ſtrong-water bottle from her placket;
Well heated with her fleſh, ſhe takes a ſup,
Then gives the ſick, and bids her drink it up.
A great cry, and a little wooll. But all in vain, her eyes begin to roul,
She ſighs, and all cry out, alas poor ſoul!
One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her noſe,
Some bleſt the opportunity that were her foes,
And they reveng'd themſelves upon her face,
S. *Dunſtans* Devil was ne're in ſuch a caſe.

Now

Now Prieſt ſay what thou wilt, for here's a chat
Begun of this great Empyrick, and that
Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done:
I like not *Mayern*, he ſpeaks French ſayes one.
Oh ſayes another, though the man be big,
For my part, I know none like Dr. *Trig*.
Nay, hold you there ſayes t'other, on my life
There's none like *Chamberlain* the man midwife.
Then in a heap, their own receipts they muſter
To make this gelly, how to make that plaſter,
Which when ſhe heares, but that now fainting lay,
Up ſtarteth ſhe, and talkes as faſt as they.
But they that did not mind this dolefull paſſion
Followed their buſineſſe on another faſhion,
For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
Me thought the Church look't like the ſix Clerks office.
But *Sermon*'s done, and all the folks as faſt
As they can trudge, to Supper now make haſte: (him,
Down comes the Prieſt, when a grave Brother meets
And putting off his narrow-brim'd hat, thus greets him:
Deare Sir, my Wife and I do you invite
O'th' Creature with us to partake this night: A great ſign of grace.
And now ſuppoſe what I prepare to tell ye,
The City-dame, whoſe faith is in the belly
Of her cramm' Prieſt, had all her cates in order,
That *Gracious-ſtreet*, or *Cheap-ſide* can afford her.
Lo firſt a Pudding! truly 't had more Reaſons Bill of fare.
Than forty Sermons ſhew at forty ſeaſons.
Then a Sur-loyne came in, as hot as fire,
Yet not ſo hot as was the Prieſts deſire.
Next came a ſhoulder of Mutton roſted raw,
To be as utterly aboliſht as the Law.
The next in order was a Capon plump,
With an Uſe of Conſolation in his rump.
Then came a Turky cold, which in its life
Had a fine tail, juſt like the Citizens wife.
But now by'r leave and worſhip too, for hark ye,
Here comes the Venſon put in Paſte by *Starky*:

Which once ſet down, there at the little hole
Immediately in whips the Parſons ſoul.
He ſaw his Stomacks anchor, and believ'd
That now his belly ſhould not be deceiv'd.
How he leans ore the cheer toward his firſt mover!
While his hot zeal doth make his mouth run over.
This Paſtie had Brethren too, like to the Mayors,
Three Chriſtmas, or Minc'd pies, all very fair.
Methought they had this Motto, *Though they flirt us,*
And preach us down, Sub pondere creſcit virtus.
Apple-tarts, Fools, and ſtrong cheeſe to keep down
The ſteaming vapours from the Parſons crown.
Canary too, and Claret eke alſo,
Which made the tips of their ears and noſes glow.
Up now they riſe, and walk to their ſeveral chairs,
When lo, the Prieſt uncovers both his ears.

Grace before meat.

Moſt gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
Thou ſaidſt that we ſhould eat, before the Fall;
Then was the world but ſimple, for they knew
Not either how to bake, or how to brew.
But happily we fell, and then the Vine
Did *Noah* plant, and all the Prieſts drank wine;
Truly we cannot but rejoyce to ſee
Thy gifts diſpenc'd with ſuch equality.
To us th'aſt given wide throats, and teeth to eat;
To the women, knowledge how to dreſſe our meat.
Make us devoutly conſtant in thy cup,
And grant us ſtrength when we ſhall ceaſe to ſup,
To bear away thy creatures on our feet,
And not be ſeen to tumble in the ſtreet.
We are thy ſheep, O let us feed, feed on,
Till we become as fat as any Brawn.
Then let's fall to, and eat up all the cheer,
Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for beer.

Much good may do you Sir.

Now then, like *Scanderbeg* he falls to work,
And hews the Pudding as he hew'd the Turk.

How

How he plough'd up the Beef like Forreſt-land,
And ſum'd becauſe the bones his wrath withſtand.
Upon the Mutton he fell not like a Lamb,
But rather like a Wolf he tore the ſame.
At firſt a Siſter helpt him, but this Elfe ſir,
Wearying her out, ſhe cryes, *Pray help your ſelf ſir.*
Upon the Paſtie though he fell anon,
As if't had been the walls of *Babylon.*
Like a Cathedral down he throwes that ſtuff,
Why, Siſters, ſaith he, *I am pepper-proof.*
Then down he powres the Claret, and down again,
And *would the French King were a Puritan,*
He cryes: ſwills up the Sack, and I'le be ſworn
Quoth he, *Spain*'s King is not the *Popes* tenth horn. Chriſtian forgiveneſs.
By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
And on the ſecond courſe they 'gan to prate.
Then quoth *Priſcilla,* Oh my Brother dear: No Grace after meat.
Truly y'are welcome to this homely chear,
And therefore eat, good brother, eat your fill,
Alas for *Daniel,* my heart aketh ſtill.
Then quoth the Prieſt, *Siſter be of good heart;*
But ſhe reply'd *good Brother eat ſome Tart.*
Rebecca then a member of the ſection
Began to talk of Brotherly affection;
For this, ſaid ſhe, as I have heard the wiſe
Diſcourſe, conſiſteth much in exerciſe;
Yet I was fooliſh, and would oft reſiſt,
But you had more grace, Brother, then to deſiſt.
Streight he reply'd, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things and for ſmall things.
There's a time to eat, and drink, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation;
Therefore dear Siſter let us take our time,
There's reaſon for't, I never car'd for Rhyme:
Then truly anſwer'd ſhe, 'tis a good motion,
And I embrace it with a warm devotion:
Why you know Brother you did never prove Nothing beyond ingratitude.
That I was ere ingratefull for your love;

But ſometimes Angels did attend your Purſe,
At other times you know I did you nurſe,
With many a ſecret diſh of luſty meat,
And preſently we went and did the feat.
Truly quoth *Dorcas* then, I ſaw a Viſion,
That we ſhould have our foes in great deriſion.
Quoth *Martha* ſtraight, (and then ſhe ſhook the crums
From off her apron white, and pickt her gums)
So I do hope, for ſo our Brother ſaid;
O what a heavenly piece of work he made!
But I am ign'rant, and my memory ſhort,
I ſhall forget, were I to be hang'd for't.
Then quoth the Prieſt, The cheer that here we ſee,
Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
The Oxe is ſtrong, and glories in his ſtrength,
Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
We eate him up. A Turkie's very gay,
Like wordly people clad in fine array;
Yet on the Spit it looks moſt piteous,
And we devoure it, as the wormes eate us.
Then full of ſawce and zeale up ſteps *Elnathan*,
[This was his name now, once he had another,
Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
A Deacon and a Buffeter of Sathan.
A man may love his brother, Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother dear,
Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here.
Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
Of a ſmall two pence, or a groat, or ſo,
The ſorry remnants of a broken ſhilling;
Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling.
But as for me, 'tis more than I do need,
To be charitable both in word and deed;
but For as to us, the holy Scriptures ſay,
The Deacons muſt receive, the Lay-men pay.
Why Heathen folks that do in Taverns ſtray,
Will never let their friends the reckning pay.
And therefore pour your charity into the baſon,
Brethren and Siſters eke, your coats have lace on.

Why

Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For ſix pence? we'll one hour enhance our ware.
Your ſix pence comes again, nay there comes more;
Thus Charity's th' encreaſer of your ſtore.
Truly well ſpoke, then cry'd the Maſter-feaſter,
Since you ſay ſo, here, you ſhall have my teſter:
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were ſure to whom they gave, and why:
Then did *Elnathan* blink, for he knew well — Not better than himſelf.
What he might give, and what he might conceal.
But now the Parſon could no longer ſtay,
'Tis time to kiſſe, he cryes, and ſo away.
At which the ſiſters, once th' alarum tak'n,
Made ſuch a din as would have ſerv'd to wak'n
A ſnoring brother, when he ſleeps at Church;
With bagg and baggage then they gan to march;
And ticled with the thoughts of their delight,
One ſiſter to the other bids Good night.
Good night quoth *Dorcas* to *Priſcilla*, ſhe,
Good night dear ſiſter *Dorcas* unto thee.
In theſe goodly good nights much time was ſpent,
And was it not a holy complement?
At length in ſteps the Parſon, on his breaſt — Chriſtian Liberty.
Laying his hand, A happy night of reſt
Reward thy labours ſiſter: yet ere we part,
Feel in my lips the paſſion of my heart.
To another ſtraight he turn'd his face, and kiſt her,
And then he cryes, *All peace be with thee Siſter.*
To another in a godly tune he whines,
Dear Siſter from thy lip Ile take my tines. — Nere a profane kiſs among all theſe.
With that he kiſt, and whiſpers in her eare,
The time when it ſhould be, and the place where.
Thus they all part, the Parſon followes cloſe,
For well the Parſon knoweth where he goes.
This ſeem'd a golden time, the fall o ſin,
You'd think the thouſand years did now begin,
When Satan chain'd below ſhould ceaſe to roar,
Nor durſt the wicked as they wont before

Come to the Church for paſtime, nor durſt laugh
To hear the non-pluſt Doctor faigne a cough.
The Devil himſelf, alas! now durſt not ſtand
Within the ſwitching of the Sextons wand,
For ſo awhile the Prieſts did him purſue,
That he was fain to keep the Sabboth too,
Leſt being taken in the Elders lure,
He ſhould have paid his crown unto the poor;
And leſt he ſhould like a deceiver come
'Twixt the two Sundays *inter ſtitium*,
They ſtuft up Lecturers with texts and ſtraw,
On working-dayes to keep the Devil in awe.
But ſtrange to think, for all this ſolemn meekneſſe,
At length the Devil appeared in his likeneſſe,
While theſe deceits did but ſupply the wants
Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.

Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Play with that fear, with that religious awe
Which keeps men free, and yet is mans great law:
What can they but the worſt of Atheiſts be,
Who while they word it 'gainſt impiety,
Affront the throne of God with their falſe deeds,
Alas, this wonder in the Atheiſt breeds.
Are theſe the men that would the Age reforme,
That Down with Superſtition cry, and ſwarme
This painted Glaſſe, that Sculpture to deface,
But worſhip pride, and avarice in their place.
Religion they bawle out; yet know not what
Religion is, unleſſe it be to prate.
Meekneſſe they preach, but ſtudy to controule;
Money they'd have, when they cry out the ſoul.
And angry, will not have Our Father ſaid,
'Cauſe it prayes not enough for daily bread.
They meet in private, and cry Perſecution,
When Faction is their end, and State-confuſion:
Theſe are the men that plague and over-run
Like Goths and Vandalls all Religion:

Every

Every *Mechanick* either wanting ſtock
Or wit to keep his trade muſt have a flock:
The Spirit, cryes he, moveth me unto it,
And what the Spirit bids, muſt I not do it?
But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
And ſtept into authority by preaching
For a lay Office, leaves the Spirits motion
And ſtreight retreateth from his firſt devotion.
But this he does in want, give him preferment,
Off goes his gown, God's call is no determent.
Vain fooliſh people, how are ye deceiv'd?
How many ſeveral ſorts have ye receiv'd
Of things call'd truths, upon your backs lay'd on
Like ſaddles for themſelves to ride upon?
They rid amain, and hell and *Satan* drove,
While every Prieſt for his own profit ſtrove.
Can they the age thus torture with their lyes,
Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties,
Black as their coats, and ſuch a ſilent fear
Lock up the lips of men, and charm the ear?
Had that ſame holy Iſraelite been dumb,
That fatall day of old had never come
To *Baals* Tribe, and thrice unhappy age
While zeal and piety like mask'd in rage
And vulgar ignorance. How we do wonder
Once hearing, that the heavens were fir'd to thunder
Againſt aſſailing Gyants, ſurely men,
Men thought could not preſume ſuch violence then:
But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
Behold a ſort of bolder mortals here,
Thoſe undermining ſhifts of knaviſh folly,
Uſing alike to God and men moſt holy;
Infidels who now ſeem to have found out
A ſuttler way to bring their ends about
Againſt the Deity then op'nly to fight
By ſmooth inſinuation and by ſlight:
They cloſe with God, ſeem to obey his Lawes,
They cry alowd for him and for his cauſe.

But while they do their ſtrict injunctious preach,
Deny in actions what their words do teach.
O what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
Would they would onely teach themſelves, not us:
So while they ſtill on empty out-ſides dwell,
They may perhaps be choakt with huſk and ſhell;
While thoſe, who can their follies well refute,
By a true knowledge do obtain the fruit.

FINIS.